Power with no control

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Power with no control

by Odd1

Summary

Francis is somewhat of a wonder. With her loyal raven Seb she travels the great kingdoms in hopes of forgetting her past life. On her journey she meets a troubled elemental, who goes by the name of Will. He to is on the run from his past, or maybe not his past but someone from it. Francis soon learns not only is a darkness wielding murderus elemental after Will. But the so called chosen defender of light, Mason Verger, wants a piece of the man. Francis is pushed to her limits to protect her new found company. Unfortunately, not every story has a happy ending.

Notes

This is something I have been wanting to work on all summer. But thanks to some mental things, I haven't been writing much. Just a note Francis is the saint name for nature. Got a lot of shit to work out let's see where this goes. Sorry in advance for not finishing this story.

Chapter 1

The evening was setting upon the dense forest that engulfed the small trail to Okten. A small training outpost, North of the Sea of Monsters that housed travelers from all over the nation.

The old man, who offered to give me a lift on his wagon, lite the lanterns that hung lazily on its uneven wooden side. For two silver coins he didn't hesitate to give me a ride for Hateren to Okten. Okten would be a three day trip by foot, but by ox and wagon it was cut down to only a day.
I was relatively happy to give my abused feet a break from walking.

I must give respect to the old man for giving me a lift. Not many people are willing to give an elemental or any supernatural being a ride anywhere. Most of the general population refrained themselves form associating in any way or form with the supernatural community. This is all thanks to superstition propaganda created by political officials in hopes to segregate magic users and regular foks.

I sat on the back of the wagon, swaying my leges back and forth over its wooden edge. My faithful companion Seb, a crimson black raven, cooed as I scratched him under is strong beak. He perched himself on my right wrist being carful not to dig his oversized nails into me flesh.

Ravens are very smart birds, and if tamed at a young enough age, they may become life long companions. I found Seb being sold at a market on one of my many adventures. It broke my heart seeing such a beautiful animal in such a small cage. I bought him with the intention of freeing him, but Seb decided that wasn't what he wanted. For the last two years he has been my travel company. He didn't say much, but he was better than being alone.

As I continued to pet my loyal raven, I made sure to scan the tress of any signs of danger. Traveling in the evening hours was not recommended by any good traveler. Travel routs to Okten were lined with thieves, wolves, werewolves, and the occasional troll. It just happened to be around the evening hours when these beings liked to strike unprepared travelers.

I didn't usually like picking fights with other members of the supernatural community. However, the old man had been kind enough to give me a ride, making sure the thieving scum didn't come five feet of his wagon was the least I could do.

It didn't surprise me when a sudden movement caught my eye to the right of the wagon. Seb must have seen it to because he let out a loud craw. The sudden noise from the black raven caught the old man attention, and he stoped the wagon. I jumped of the back of the wagon walking to the front were the old man sat. The gentlemen gave me a look of concern. "What's the matter," he asked.

I gave him a firm look from under my hud. "Movement," I whispered.

He began to hold the ox's ranes rather tightly. "Bloody hell," he whispered.

I could since an uneasy tension forming all over the old mans body. “I will do all in my power to keep you safe. You did give me a ride.”

The older man gave me a rather surprised look. “Thank you,” he whisper.

Giving him a light nod of approval I turned back to the woods. What ever was watching use had stoped moving, but that would not prevent me form finding them. As an elemental, I have the ability to manipulate and use the four natural elements, fire, water, earth and air. Some but not all elementals can also control ice, lightning, light, and darkness. Along with the four elements I can also use ice, but I have never used lightning, light or darkness. This being because I simply don’t have the ability to do so.

Lightning is extremely complicated to learn. Those that try to use it often die by accidentally shaking themselves. It is said the only way you can use light is if you are blessed by an angle or higher being. There have only been two elementals in recoded history that used light, both clamming it was gifted to them by the heavens in a dream. Once it is gifted it stays with this person until they pass away. It doesn’t pass down to children, or any other person, it just disappears back to the heavens. Darkness is a whole different story. It is said that darkness can be wielded with the assistance of a demons and its power can be passed on. For me, I didn’t need either of these three extra powers to kick ass.

I began to pull the power from the elements around me preparing for a attack. My personal favorite element to use is water, with earth being my second choice. Unfortunately, neither would do me much good at this moment. There was no water with in a five mile radius, and the ground was to compacted to use thanks to the tree roots. Fire was most definitely out, I didn’t want to start a forest fire. That would post me on ever forest faeries shit list for the rest of my life, and let me tell you don’t mess with faeries. So Wind would just have to do for now.

I raise my arms gathering the power of the wind. As I began to manipulate the air around me the tops of the tress began to shack violently throwing leaves and wood. I did my best to creat a small vortex around the old man, his wagon, and myself. The wind tore thought the woods around use, revealing the three figures that were lurking near by.

Three half transformed werewolf’s dug there clowns into the forest floor in an attempt not to be taken by the violent wind. Upon learning their location I lowered my powers and began to approach the thieves hiding spot. Once the wind had calmed down enough the three wolves noticed my approach. In all honesty I didn’t necessarily want to hurt them, if possible I would rather resolve this issue without violence.

“We now your there come out or get lost.”I called. It didn’t take long for the first male wolf of the trio to walk out onto the road. He was at lest 6’9 with most of his body being covered in gray glossy fear. The other two joined him shortly after, taking place on the right and left side of the tall hound.

“May I ask for the meaning of this interference? Or do things need to get messy,” I sneered.

The first wolf man laughed. “For-give us dear elemental,” he said sarcastically. “We just wanted to robe you and have the ox’s for a midnight snack. No need to be so harsh.”

I couldn’t help but roll my eyes. “ I am not in the mood for this you mutt. This gentleman was nice enough to give me a ride and I have takin it upon myself to protect him and myself. If you try anything I’ll be forced to muzzle you and your two lap dogs.”

The other two hounds began to snarl from my insult. The fist wolf just simply crossed his arms and smirked. “This little pups got some bit to her.”

Gathering my power again I created a wipe made entirely out of air and slashed it near the wolf man standing to the right. The blond male let out a yelp, and took several steps back from where he was standing. The other wolf to the left was left shocked, but big gray didn’t move an inch.

“I would prefer to salve this without a fight. Leave or I will not hesitate to put you and your friends down. This is my your last warning.”

The gray male let out a loud huff. “Fine little pup, have it your way.” Grabbing the two other man wolves by their tales the gray wolf began to drag his friends back into the dark woods. Just before I lost sight of them the gray wolf looked back over his shoulder smiling manically while looking directly at the old man. “Maybe will see you in Okten.” The old mans face drained of all color.

I razing the air wipe again I sent the tip flying at his face. He barely managed to doge it. “Get lost flee bag,” I snarled. “You even think of touching this man I’ll skin you alive.” The gray wolf let out one more laugh, as he disappeared into the darkness. “He wouldn’t do the same for you pup!” And then he and his friends were gone.

Dusting myself off I walked back to the wagon. It was now completely dark now and a mist was being to settle around the forest floor and road. Seb, came out of know where taking his perch on my left shoulder.

The old man was sweating, but was appearing to calm down. “I am sorry if I scared you sir.” He shook his head. “I would have been a dead man if you weren’t here. Hope back in the wagon we are almost to town.”

I couldn’t argue with that. So, I walked back to the end of the wagon and hoped back in. We once again started moving. For the remainder of the short trip I scanned the forest like a snake. Ready to stick at any given moment.

Friend in low places

Chapter Summary

Francis helps a man escape the Royal Guards.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy, be patient with me I'm not good with words.

It was pitch dark when the old man and I arrived in Okten. Before parting ways he returned the silver I had given him for the ride. I argued profusely with him to reconsider, but I eventually just took my money back.

"You saved my life, it is only fair I return the favor, the man argued."

I let out a long sigh. "As you wish, thank you again for the ride."

The old man gave me one more nod before, tugging on his ox's reins leading them to a near by stable. Before he disappeared he looked back at me, calling one more time. "By the way miss whats your name?"

I was hesitant to give the old man my name but I figured it wouldn't matter. When traveling it is rare to ever run into the same person again. It was also risky to give ones name, because in the wrong hands a name could be a horrible weapon. But I doubt that that was the old gentleman's intentions. So giving him my name wouldn't matter. "Francis," I called back to him. Then we both went are separate ways.

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For the next hour or so, Seb and I tried to find a IN to rest in for the remainder of the night. Most of the IN's were magic kind friendly, however I have learned that isn't always true. IN keeps were required by law to post that they were magic friendly, even if they aren't. The lords are worried that discrimination against the magical community will lead to riots; especially in the larger cities. If you asked me it was a load of bs. If the keeper of the IN didn't like those of the magic kind they didn't have to serve them, and the customer can't do anything. The keepers got away with it because pretty much ever human in a five mile radius would agree with them. The magical community isn't really loved in this region.

The first Keeper I talked to gave me a hard no to staying at his IN. “We don’t serve your kind here. You magic folks are nothing but trouble and bad for business.” I just rolled my eyes from under my hood and left.

Seb and I were turned down by seven other keeper. Luckily the eighth IN’s keeper gave us a room for the night. The IN itself was extremely old and in ruff shape. However, the bed was clean, and the room was warm, so it would do. Personally I had stayed and slept in much worse places.

I took off my copper red cloak, letting it air out on a near by chair. Seb found a perch near the bed and intently made himself comfortable before falling asleep. I took the remainder of my heavy gear off before I washed my dirty face in the water bowl provided by the IN. Sleep began to overcome me as I crawled into the soft bed.

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The next morning Seb and I woke up to the sound of screaming. I try not to be nosy, because sticking your head were is doesn’t belong, especially in the cities, can get you killed. However the screaming continued as I dressed myself and left the IN.

The screams came from a women, blocking the middle of the road. She was surrounded by five Royal Guards trying to calm her down. For a second I thought nothing of it until I saw the blood pooled in the sender of the street. The body of a man, no older than 20 lade mangled on the stone road. His chest was ripped wide open allowing passerby to see that his lungs and heart were missing. My guess the women fighting with the guards was the dead lads mother.

The sight sent a shiver down my spine. The poor bastard.

A crowd was being to form around the guards as people took interest in the dead body. I took this as my cue to leave and find something for Seb and I to eat.

I walked about three blocks away from the murder scene before I found a descent pub that wasn’t bombarded with nosy townsfolk. I walked into the brick building that smelled like ail and stake. The pub was busy for being so early in the morning, there were only about 5 open seats.

Looking at my lack of seating options I took a stool at the pubs main bar. The stool was far in the corner of the pub next to curly haired man. The over compensating girl behind the counter gave me a distasteful look. “No birds in my pub, freak.”

I removed my hood and flashed her a smile. “Relax big Bertha I’m paying for him as well.” Reaching into my pocket I polled out two gold coins setting them on the counter for her. She gave me a fake smile and snatched the two coins. “What you haven then freak?”

I tried not to roll my eyes. “Two ail and two stakes, please.”

The pub girl flipped her hair and headed towards the kitchen. “Coming right up freak.”

That comment made the man beside me steer. “What a fake bitch he whispered.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. “Are your referring to her magically induced breasts and ass, or all of her,” I whispered back.

The man next to me let out a light chuckle. “Tosha.” He spoke loudly this time.

I turned to get a better look at the man. His face was clean, but he looked much older than he actually was. Large purple bags lined his eyes, like he hasn’t slept in weeks. His clothes were dirty, with spots of blood on them, and he smelled like a sweat shop.

Seb made a light nose expressing his disgust towards the man smell. I could help but agree with the ravens protest. I continued to observe him as I waited for my meal. For some time the man was unfazed until and I found myself losing interest in him. But that all changed when three Royal Guards made their way into the pub. The Royal Guards can be found in every town or city, and they serve the Royal families. I myself never had an issue with them but they had a tendency to be dicks. As I watched the man next to me I could practically feel his fear radiating off his body as he watched them take seats near us.

However it wasn’t just fear I could feel pulsating off the man but natural power. That sent my heart racing. This guy was an elemental, and he was very unstable. Any second his fear could overcome him sending his power into a frenzy. Shit this was not good. I needed to do something or there was going to be a bloody mess.

I carefully placed my head on the mans shoulder. “Hey lad you need to calm down. You’re real close to doing something you may regret.”

He turned to look at me, sweet drenched his face. “I need to get out of here,” he whispered. As he got off is stool he feel to the ground unable to hold himself up. I wasted no time, dropping down to assist him.

He whispered lightly into my ear as I picked him up. “Help me.”

The Guards must have seen because they made there way over to us. But for some reason they didn’t look like they were here to help.

I managed to steady myself and my new friend only to have the guards surround us in the pubs corner. I flashed the a look of confusion. “Can I help you gentlemen?”

The tallest guard stepped close to me and the unstable man. “Give us this man and carry on with your meal.”

The man I was holding began to violently shake and his power was becoming more unstable. “For what reason is he being taken,” I demanded.

The tall guard shook his head. “Just hand him over freak.”

I am not usually a violent person but the next person that called me a freak was getting their head bashed in. I sneered at the guards. “If you have no reason to arrest this man get out of my way he isn’t well.”

“No.” The guards stated. “ Give us the man you abomination or we will take him by force.”

I couldn’t help but smile evilly. A cold feeling began to fill the room as my own power grow. Ice began to cover the windows and forest began to spread around the pubs walls. The forest also began to cover my arms and my eyes began to glow white.

“My patients grows thin,” I hissed. “You may not arrest anyone without problem-able cause. And any second now this man could lose control of his powers killing everyone in this building so move or I will freeze you alive!”

The guards all took a step closer. “No way freak we have orders.”

“Then freeze.” I snarled. Within seconds the guards were covered in ice, but not frozen solid. This would give them a higher chance of living. All remaining eyes were on me and the unstable man I was holding. Without another word I began carrying him outside, with Seb flying behind us. No one tried to stop me.

The pub girl was screaming something at me but I payed no attention. I needed to get myself and this man out of town before more guards came. So once we were outside I called upon the wind to take use to the edge of Okten. As we flow off more screams could be heard from the street below.

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The stranger and I just stared at each other once we left town. He managed to calm himself down allowing some fear to leave his smooth face.

Several more minutes past before I grow sick of the silence and asked him for his name.

“William”, he answered. “But pleases call me Will.” Will began to pick himself back up to lean on a near by tree. “What is your name young elemental?”

I once again removed my hood, my eyes no longer white and back to there originally brown color. “Francis, and the raven is Sebastian. But answer me this Will, why are the Royal Guards after you?”

Will let out a sigh placing a hand on his nose. “You could say I’m running, from someone, or someone’s.”

I took a set near the older man and motioned for him to sit by me. “Well I have no where else to be, tell me all about it.”

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